

92 Cliffe Gardens

NORTS LANDING—MELTDOWN MINUS 15!

PROG 431
17 AUG 85

2000AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**

£1.45 Malaysia
55c Australia
55c New Zealand
80g Mercury
210g Venus
66g Mars
15g Asteroid Belt
110g Saturn
10g Neptune
2g Pluto

24p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY



G.I. STAKE OUT!

NERVE CENTRE

SPECIAL
JUDGE DREDD
ANSWERING SERVICE!

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

Some moons ago – in Prog 389, if you want to be picky about it – I, Tharg the Generous, beamed a sample of Terran letters into the 22nd Century, to Mega-City One itself, where *Judge Dredd* reluctantly agreed to reply to them in the interests of good public relations. Since then, the Command Module has been inundated with even more queries about Mega-City life and the problems of policing the future metropolis. Once again, therefore, Chief Judge McGruder has persuaded Dredd – not without a struggle, I'm told – to scan a selection of Earthlet letters drawn from my Betelgeusian Hat. The legendary lawman is unlikely to offer you this service again, Squaxx dek Thargo, so pay attention – or else!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG



REWARD FOR EARTHLET INTERROGATORS FEATURED HERE – CREDITS TO THE VALUE OF £5

BOING* BOING* GONE

William Hughes, from old Swansea, asks: Judge Anderson was enclosed in Boing*, with Judge Death's spirit in her head, right? And you said she could never come out (SEE PROG 151 – THARG). So how was she able to accompany you into the future to fight The Mutant? You been asleep for a couple of years? A creep name of Mitson let Death out (SEE PROG 224 – THARG). Once he'd done that, there wasn't much point in leaving Anderson in a solid block of Boing*, was there?

MAX: THE FACTS

Marcus Clark, from old Hounslow West, asks: what's happened to Max Normal? He survived block mania, but after the Apocalypse War he just disappeared. Surely the Mega-City 1 judges run a Missing Persons Department? Find Max Normal – please! There is such a department, of course. As for Normal, I believe he's alive and in hiding, although I can't be certain – and I couldn't care less.

RANK ORGANISATION

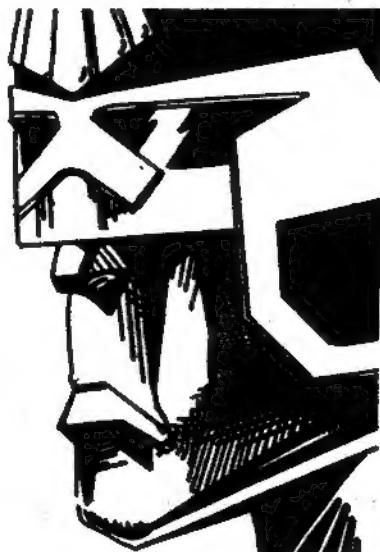
Citizen A. Minutolo, from old Ellesmere, asks: how am I meant to tell the rank of a judge, when they all look the same? Or don't the judges *have* rank? The Chief Judge, The Council Of Five, and The Academicians Of Law all wear distinct uniforms, citizen. Apart from them, there are two basic ranks – Judge and Senior Judge – but we do not wear markings on our uniforms.

BOOKING OUT OF TITAN

Joshua Harries, from old Exeter, asks: what happens to corrupt judges when they have finished serving a 20-year sentence on Titan? Are they free to return to Mega-City 1, or are they shoved into psycho cubes? An intelligent question – and not before time. In theory, when a corrupt judge has served his time he's allowed to return to the city after strict screenings to assess his state of mind. In practice, because of the dangerous skills all judges possess, very few get back in.

SILENCE OR CAUGHT?

John Pate, from old Edinburgh, believes he has spotted a legal problem: in one of the Daily Star newspaper strips about you (on 12 January 1982, to be precise), it is stated that "under Mega-City Law, no-one can refuse a lie test". In Prog 419, however, when you tried to use your lie detector on Dezibelle, her brother Hislop said "I'm a lawyer – I know! We're not obliged to utter a single word unless we want to!" Can you explain this? It's quite simple. No citizen can prevent a judge from employing his lie detector. Equally, no citizen is under any obligation to speak unless he wants to. Got that? Well? Are you listening to me? I said...



From Earthlet Sara Lawrence, Poole. £10 Winner.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories IN THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

1.
2.
3.

I Dislike:

My Age Is 431

DAWN BREAKS OVER THE CITADEL OF
JERBOOS, AND IN QUEEN MONIKA'S
CHAMBERS IN THE ROYAL PALACE, THE
FIRST OF THE DAY'S IMPORTANT DE-
CISIONS IS BEING TAKEN

Strontium Dog

THE ROYAL ENTERTAINMENTS'
MANAGER WISHES TO KNOW HOW
MANY PRISONERS YOU'D LIKE
KILLED FOR THIS AFTERNOON'S
GARDEN PARTY, MILADY?

OH, FIFTY—SIXTY... I DON'T
KNOW! SURPRISE ME!

YES,
MILADY.

KNEEL STILL,
DAMN YOU,
CYSTA!

KRAKO

2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT: ROBERT
ALAN GRANT
ART: RICHIE
CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING: ROBOT
KID ROBSON

COMPU-73E

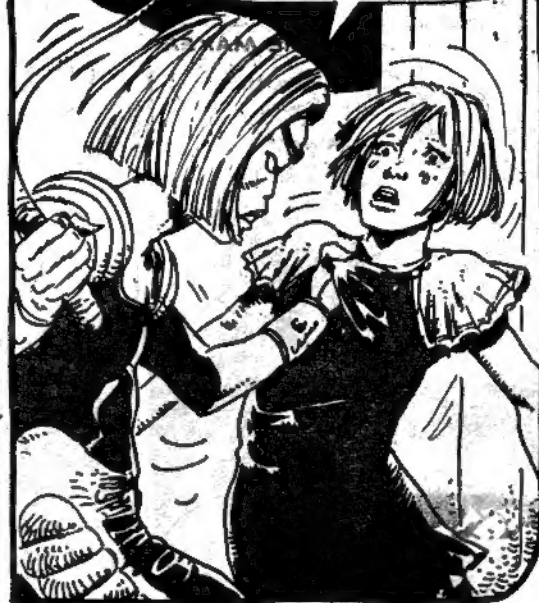
IN HER QUARTERS, PRINCESS POLYP STARTS THE DAY AS SHE MEANS TO CONTINUE —



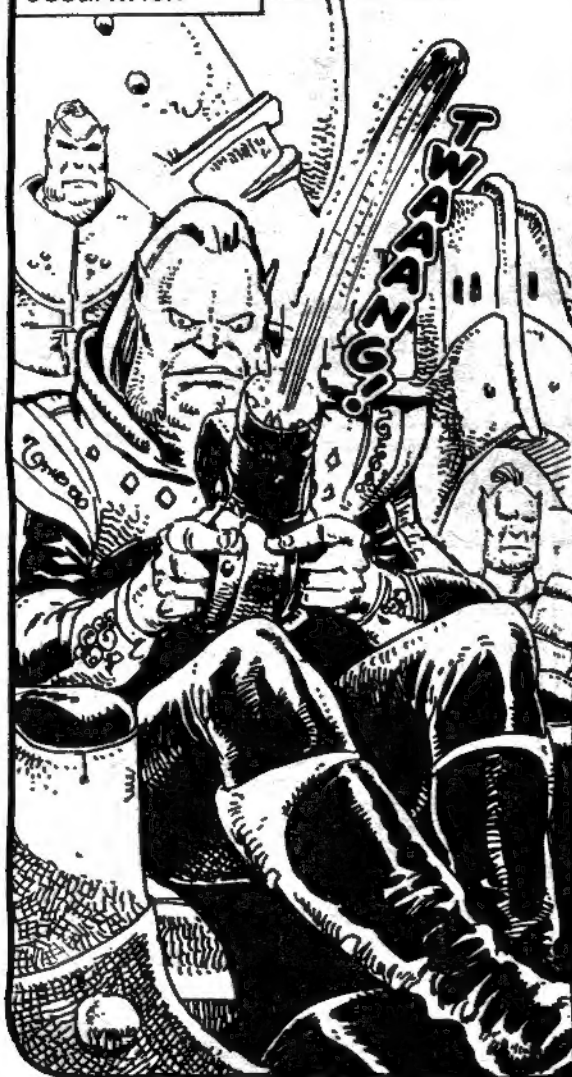
THAT'S JUST IN CASE YOU DO !



AND I WARN YOU — IF YOU KEEP UP THAT WHINING TODAY, I'M GOING TO GET VERY ANGRY. I MIGHT EVEN GET RID OF YOU !



KING LARRY THE CERTIFIABLE IS ENGAGED IN HIS FAVOURITE OCCUPATION —



POTTING PEASANTS FROM THE BALCONY —



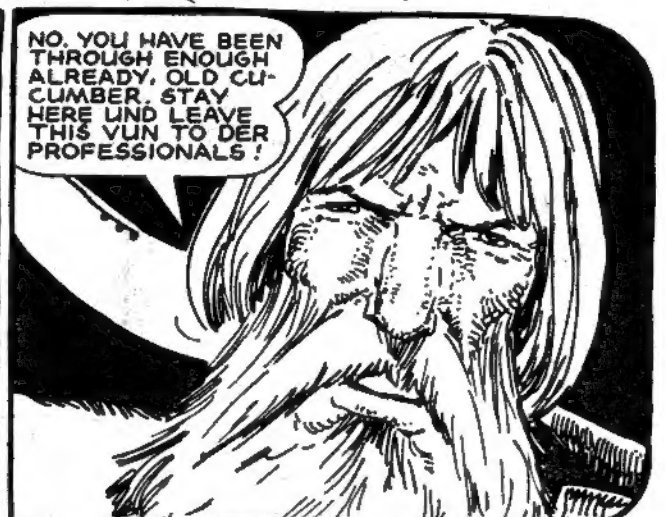
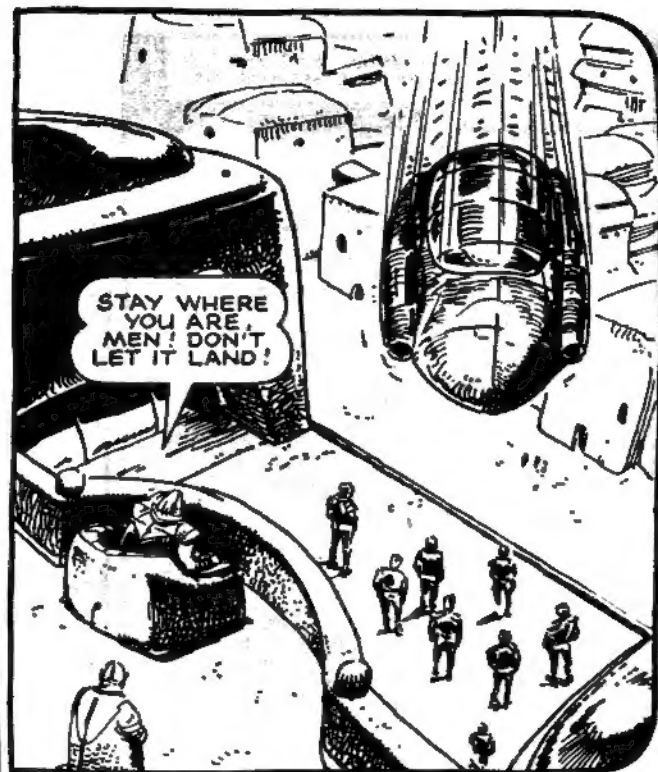
HE'S GOT ANOTHER ONE !

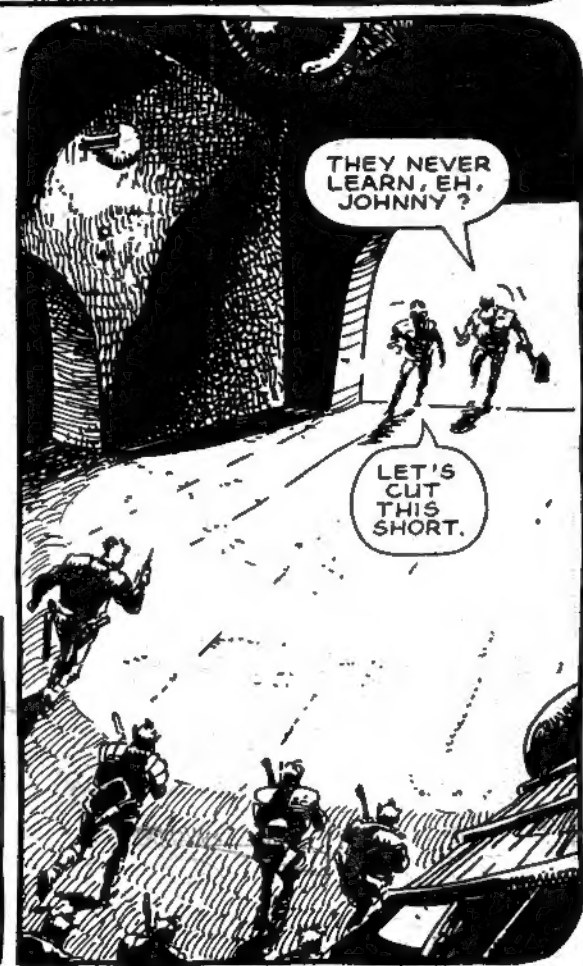
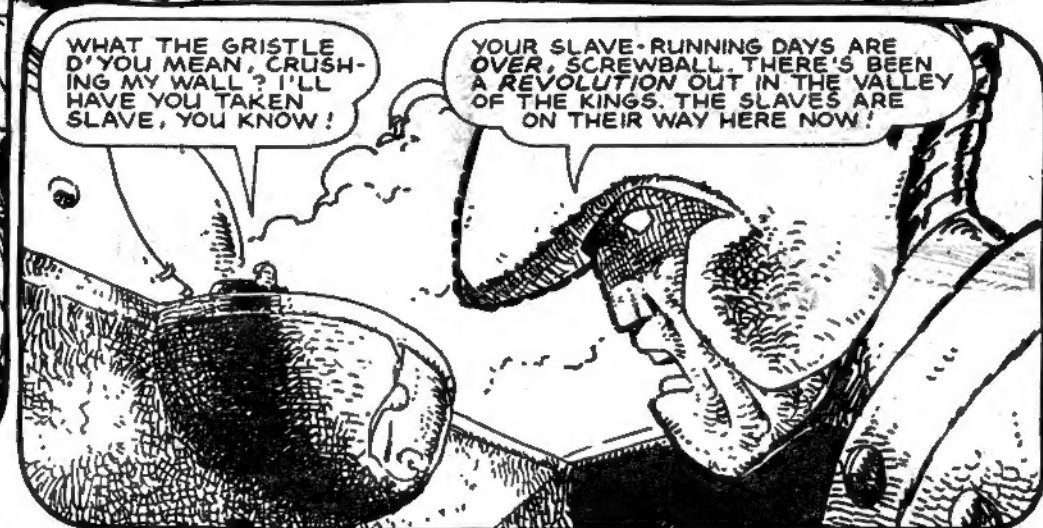
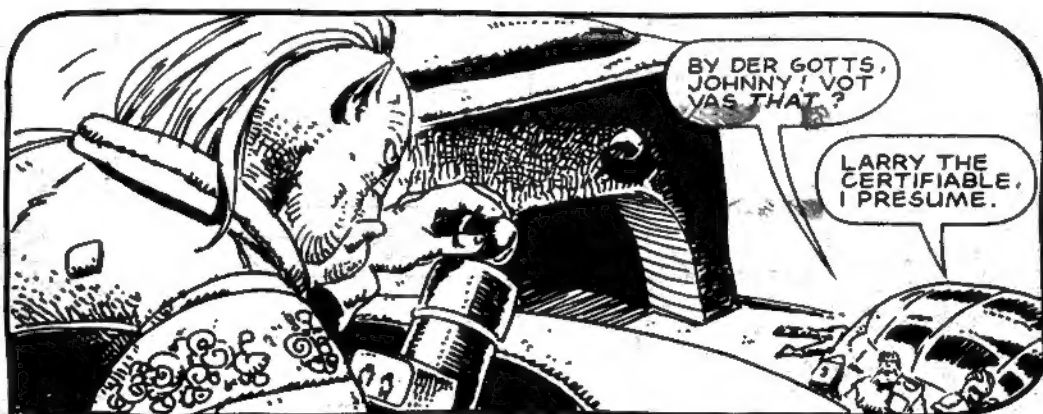
FORWARD THE BODY CART !

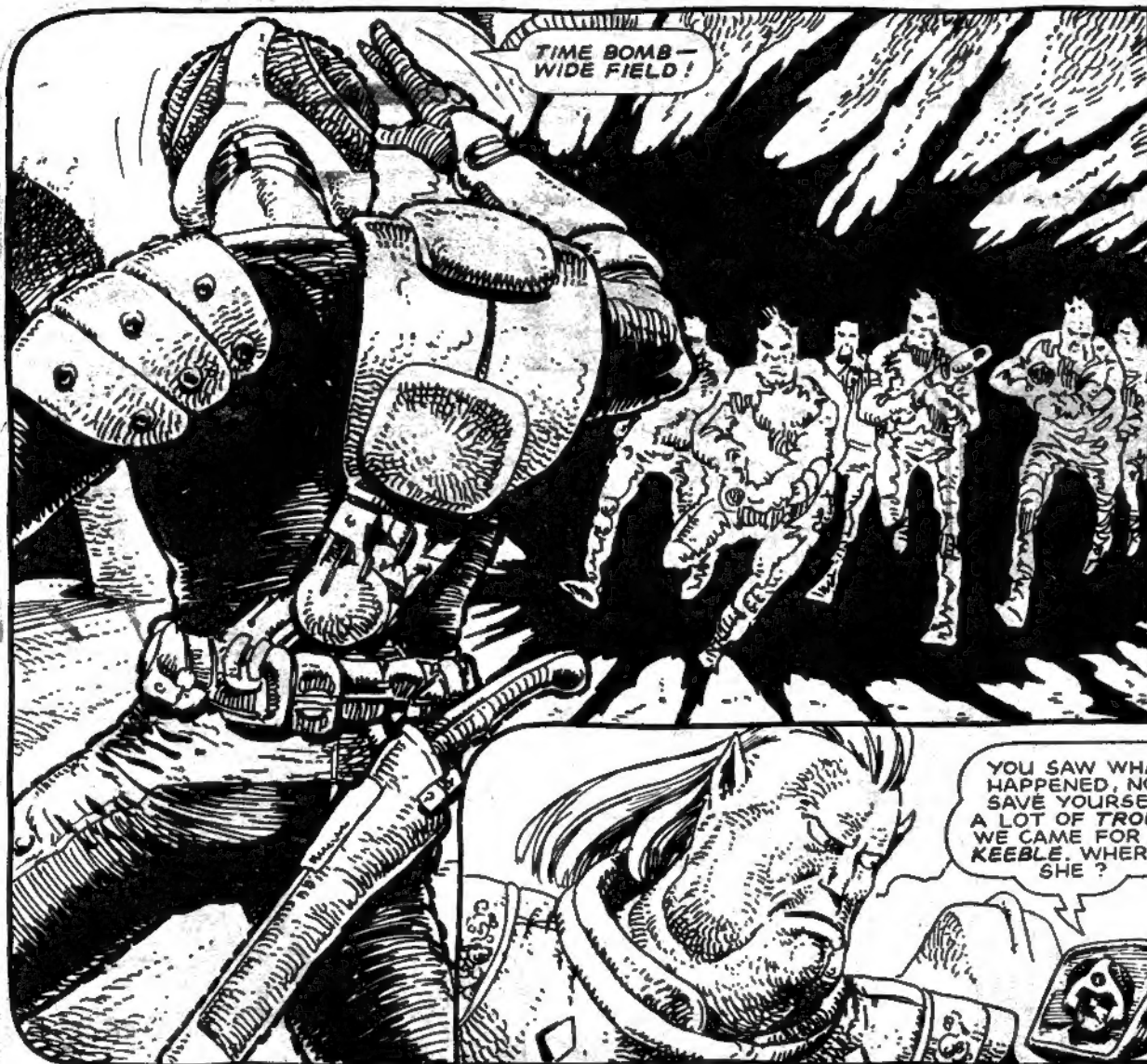


SENSIBLE LOCALS KNOW TO AVOID THE VICINITY OF THE PALACE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING; KING LARRY'S ACCURACY IS LEGENDARY —









A WHOLE SECTION OF
COURTYARD IS BLOWN
INTO ANOTHER TIME
— ANOTHER PLACE!





SON OF
NEMESIS

MEGA CITY 1, MELCHESTER ROVERS 2!

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ACE TRUCKING

CO. *Any space
Any time*

THE CROAKSIDE TRIP!

ACE GARP HAS ONLY THREE DAYS LEFT TO LIVE! IN A LAST CLAMBOVANT GESTURE, HE HAS BET HIS COMPANY AGAINST JAGO KAIN'S YELLOW LINE IN A RACE TO THE PLANET POOPOOPEEDOO. THERE'S JUST ONE HITCH - ACE HAS TO MAKE THE TRIP TWICE!

NOW, ACE TAKES A SHORT CUT THROUGH A DENSE METEOR BELT —

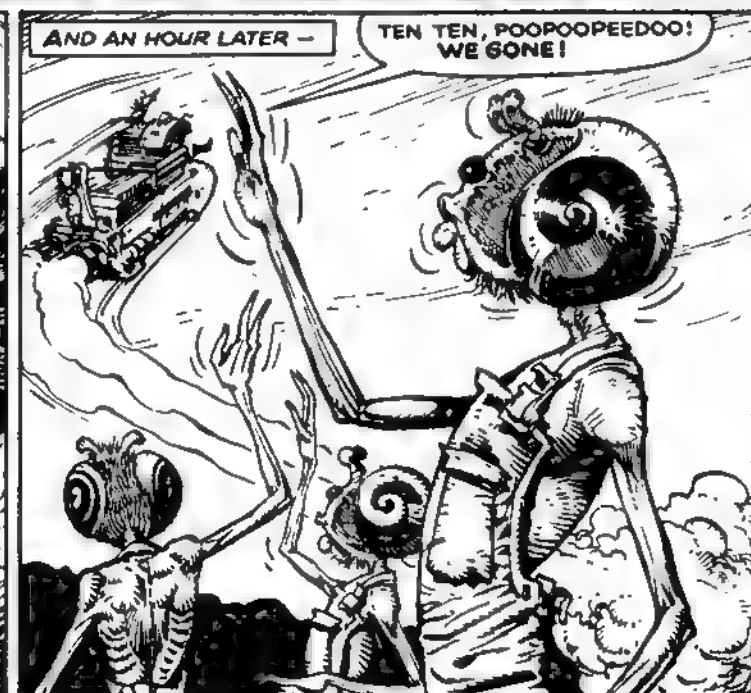
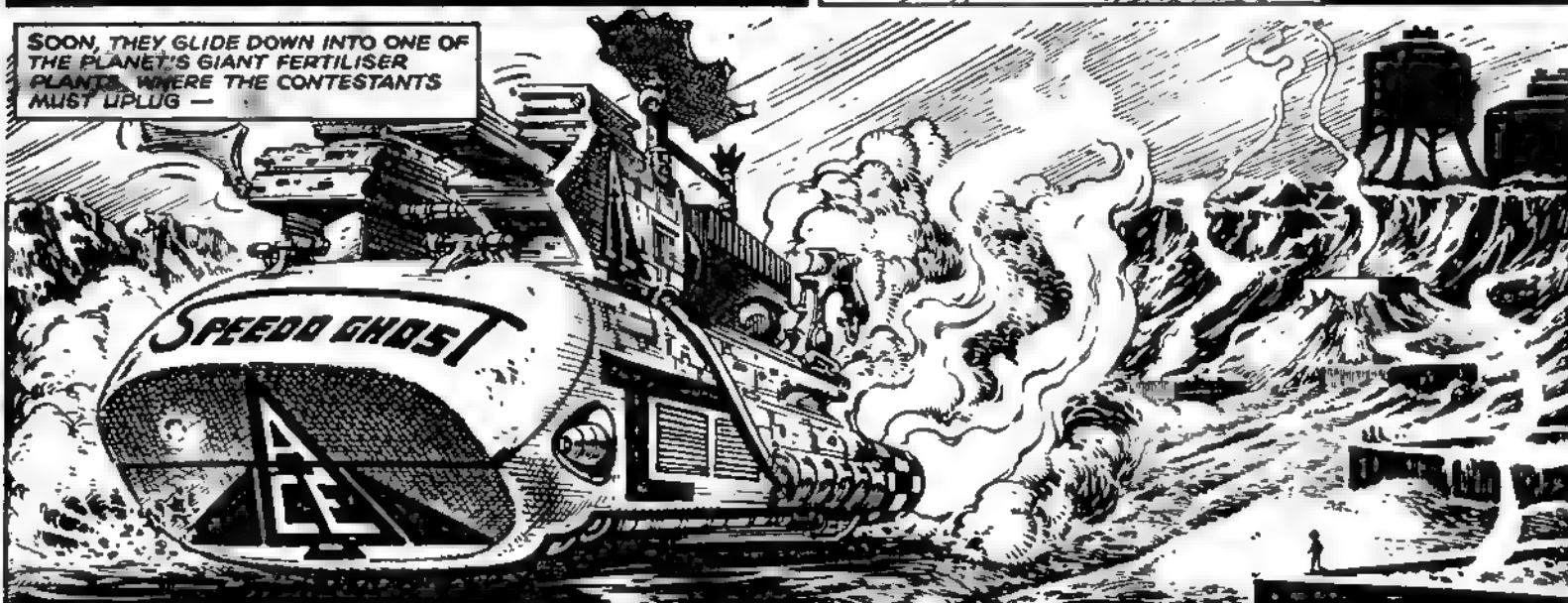
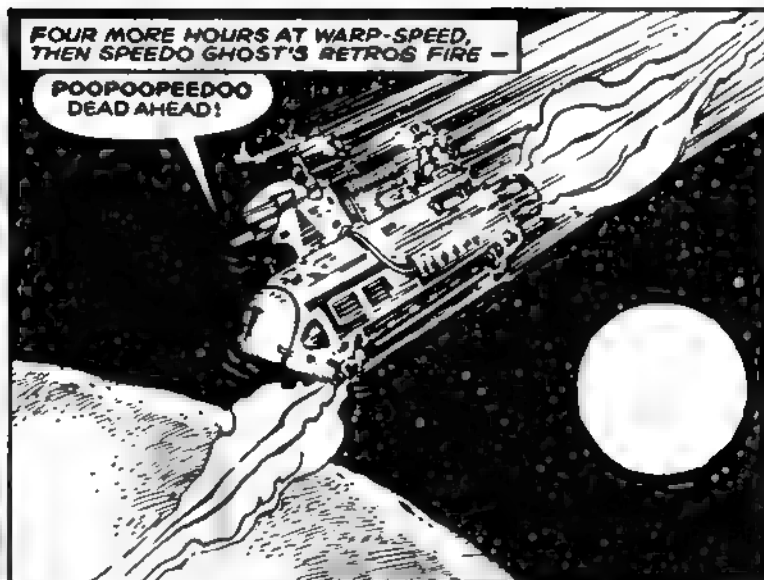


2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT/GROVER
ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
STARKINGS

COMPU-73e





ONCE MORE, ACCELERATION
TO 1,000 Gs —



ONCE MORE THROUGH
THE M-BELT —



COLD-HOLD
HOLED!



MAGGOT UP AND
PATCH IT, G-B-H!

AYE AYE,
ACE!



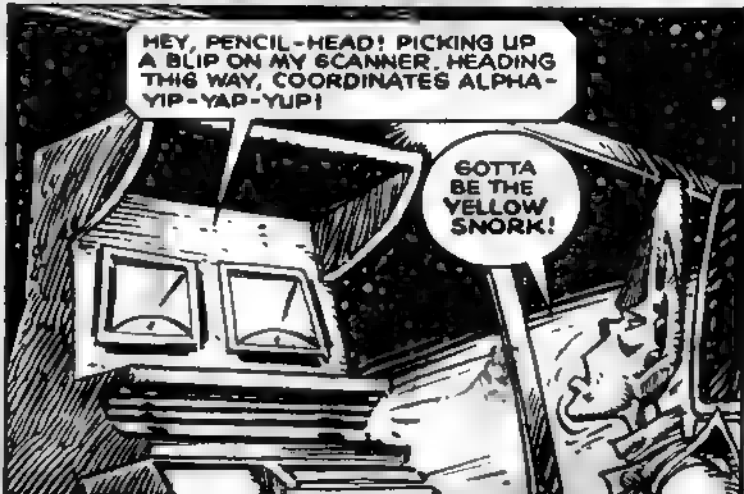
WE'RE
OUT O' IT
AGAIN!

I'LL SAY THIS FOR
YE, GARPY — FOR A BILGE
RAT WITH ONLY A COUPLE
OF DAYS TO LIVE, YE'RE
STILL MIGHTY LUCKY!



HEY, PENCIL-HEAD! PICKING UP
A BLIP ON MY SCANNER. HEADING
THIS WAY, COORDINATES ALPHA-
YIP-YAP-YUP!

GOTTA
BE THE
YELLOW
SNORK!





THAT'S WHERE YE WENT WRONG, GARPY! UP AN' TUCKER JUST AIN'T IN YOUR NATURE! OUT O' CHARACTER, SEE! A SWAB SHOULD STICK TO WHAT HE'S GOOD AT...

IN YOUR CASE BEIN' DEVIOUS, UNDERHAND, SNEAKY, ROTTEN AN' JUST DOWNRIGHT GARPY!

I KNOWS THAT NOW, EVIL BUDDY. GUESS THAT THERE POISON IN MY BRAIN BEEN MAKIN' ME ACT CRAZY!

ANYWAYS, IT'S TOO LATE NOW. I AIN'T GOT NO SLIPPERY SCHEME TO STOP THAT PAIN KAIN FROM TAKIN' OVER ACE TRUCKS!

I FIGURED YE WOULDN'T, GARPY. THAT'S WHY I TOOK THE TROUBLE TO COME UP WITH ONE MESELF!

YOU?
COME BACK ON THAT, BLOODY BUDDY?

YE SEE, I TOOK THE TROUBLE TO CONTACT SOME BUCKERS O' MY ACQUAINTANCE. I TOLD 'EM EXACTLY WHERE THEY MIGHT FIND A FAT SHIP LADEN WITH A JUICY CARGO O' GOODDOO!

JACKBUCKERS!
WE'RE UNDER
ATTACK!

YELLOW SWAN

AT THIS VERY
MOMENT, JAGO KAIN'LL
BE FINDIN' THAT OUT
FOR HIMSELF!

NEXT
PROG.

TILL DEATH US
DO PART, GARPY!



BETELGEUSIAN MINISTRY OF HEALTH
URGENT WARNING DANGER —
DEADLY NEW SPECIES OF THRILL-SUCKER
PLAGUING UNIVERSE
DON'T LEAVE
HOME WITHOUT

2000 AD
READING JUDGE DREDD

RESERVATION COUPON

TO MY NEWSAGENT

Please reserve/deliver* 1 thrill-
powered copy of 2000 AD each week.

NAME

ADDRESS

Signature of Parent/Guardian*

*delete as applicable

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**Q. WHAT'S TWO METRES
TALL. COMES FROM
GARLOKK. AND
LIKES TO TURN YOUR
INNARDS INTO
DELICIOUS, HOT SOUP?**
**A. YOU'LL FIND OUT
OVERLEAF!**



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JUDGE DREDD

HE FOUND NO EVIDENCE
VICTIM. HE WAS THEN
TO HUNT WITNESSES AND
WENT BACK IN
HIS ROOM FOR THE
EVIDENCE OF A MURDER.



SHE DID NOT SCREAM, HER VOICE WAS PARALYSED BY FEAR. IT WAS OFTEN THE WAY WITH HIS VICTIMS.

I TOLD YOU NEVER TO DISTURB ME, MRS DILLEY.



YOU MUST PAY THE PRICE!



SHE WOULD BE MISSED, SO HE DID NOT KILL HER - MERELY INJECTED ENOUGH VENOM TO MELT HER WILL.



YOU WILL SPEAK OF THIS TO NO-ONE. YOU WILL DO EXACTLY AS I TELL YOU. YOU ARE MY CREATURE NOW, MRS DILLEY.

YES...NOSFERATU.



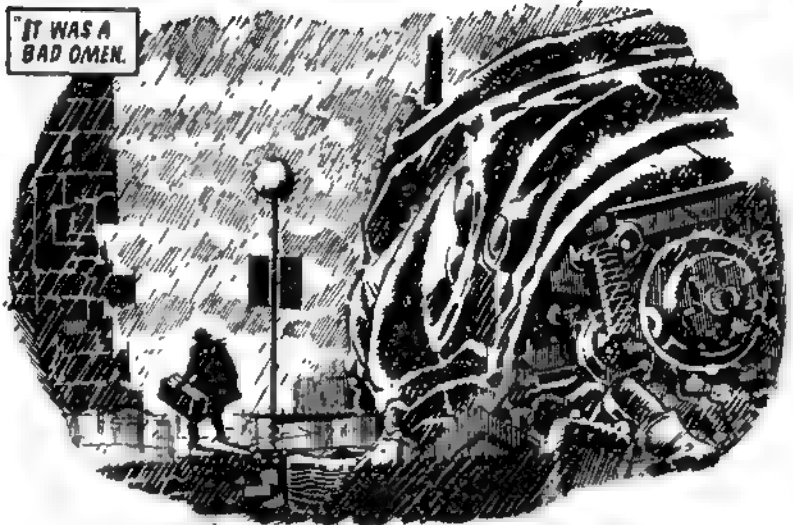
IN HUMAN FORM HE CARRIED THE HUSK OF HIS SECOND VICTIM OUT TO THE WASTEGROUND -

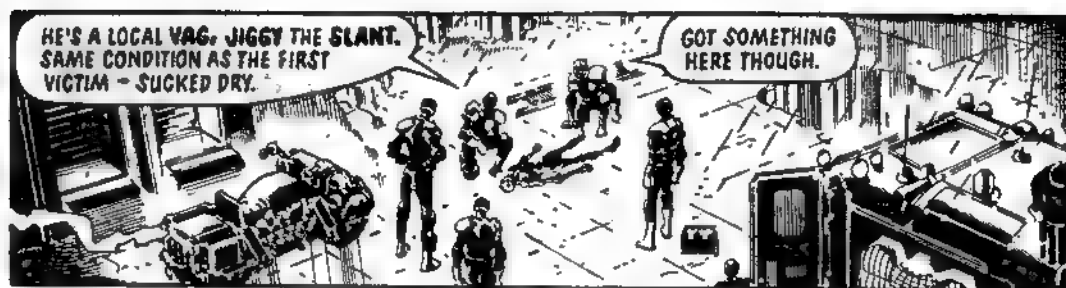
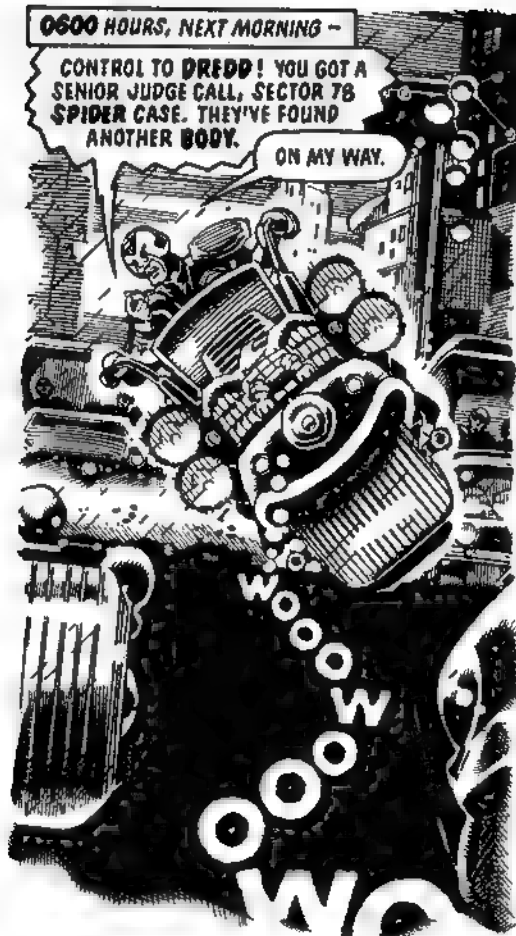


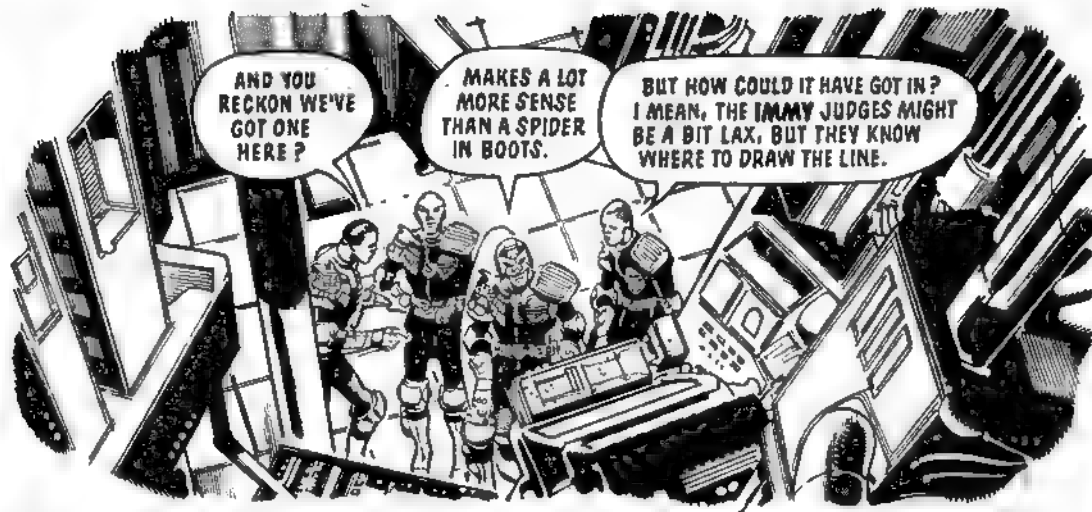
BUT AS HE GAVE THANKS TO HIS GOD, THE SKIES OPENED AND THE MYRIAD EYES OF RAGNOS WERE BLOTED FROM HIS VIEW.



IT WAS A BAD OMEN.











THE GULEDIO'S CHAMPION,
ELFRIC, HAS MATERIALISED
IN THE ARENA.

Slaine



TWICE
YOU HAVE
BESTED ME,
SLAINE. UNDER
THE LAWS OF
THE MACROCOSM,
THIS THIRD
MEETING WILL
END IN YOUR
DEATH!



DON'T
COUNT ON IT,
ELFRIC...

YOU'RE
HARDLY WORTH
UNSHEATHING
MY SWORD
FOR.

IS
THAT
THE BEST
YOU CAN
DO?



SCRIPT
PAT MILLS
ART
FABRY/TALBOT
LETTERING
STEVE POTTER



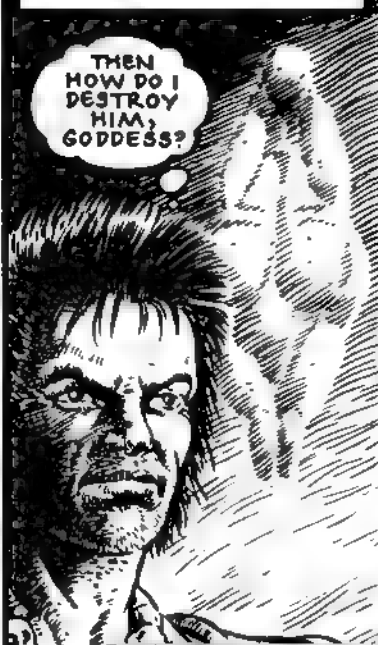


SLAINE RAISED HIS WEAPON TO RETURN FIRE. THEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME, DANU THE EARTH GODDESS SPOKE TO HIM...



NO... THAT IS WHAT ELERIC WANTS. THAT'S WHY HE'S GOADING YOU, SO HE CAN DRAW ON YOUR POWER...

NOW, THROUGH HIS NEW CONTROL OF EARTH POWER, SLAINE COULD MAKE DIRECT CONTACT WITH THE PLANET'S SOUL...



THEN HOW DO I DESTROY HIM, GODDESS?

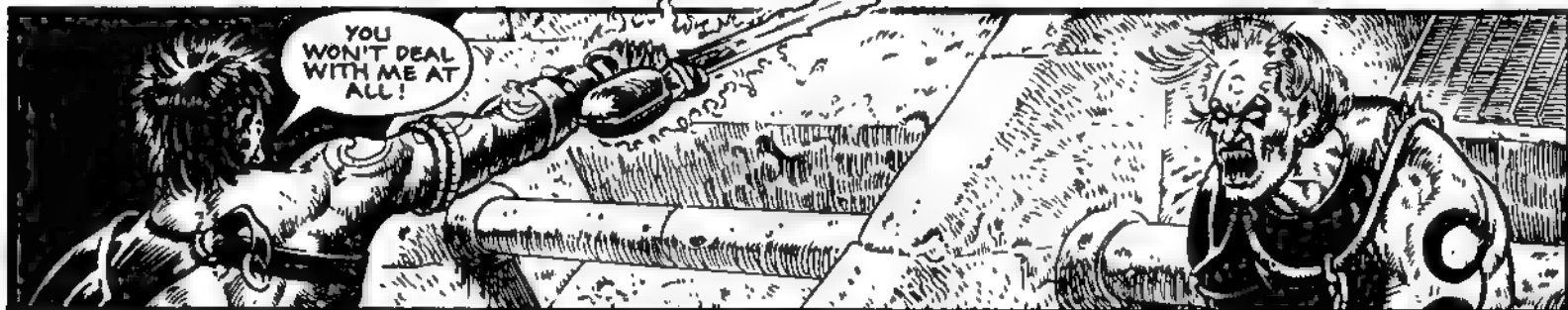
YOU CANNOT. A MACROBE CANNOT BE DEFEATED THREE TIMES.

BUT YOU CAN BECOME RESISTANT TO HIM BY PROVING YOUR POWER IS GREATER...



A LEYSER LOCKP OF COURSE!

I'LL DEAL WITH YOU NOW, HU-MAN...



YOU WON'T DEAL WITH ME AT ALL!



THERE WAS A MASSIVE STANDING WAVE OF POWER AS THE BEAMS COLLIDED...



AND BECAME ONE...



ENERGY FLOWED TO
AND FRO, ALL THE
TIME INCREASING...

FOR THE ONLY
PROTECTION IN A
LEYSER LOCK,
WAS TO FORCE
POWER BACK TO
THE OPPONENT...

... BY WARPING MORE OUT OF THE GROUND.



CREATING A
DEADLY ENERGY
ACCELERATOR...



UNTIL ONE OF THEM COULDN'T
TAKE ANY MORE...



AS POWER
RELENTLESSLY
BUILT UP...

TO THE
CRITICAL
POINT OF...



WARP-OUT!



THE ANTIGEN NEEDED TO REGENE ROGUE TROOPER'S BIOCHIPPED COMRADES IS FOUND IN EGG-FORM ON THE PLANET HORST. BUT, CAPTURED BY THE HORT'S ALLIES, ROGUE NOW LEARNS THAT THE ANTIGEN HAS A DEADLY ALTERNATIVE USE...

ROGUE TROOPER

WE'RE GOING TO DESTROY MILLI-COM, ROGUE TROOPER! WHEN THE SOUTH'S H.Q. IS BLOWN TO PIECES, YOU WILL LOSE THE GALACTIC WAR!

2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
& FIMLEY-DAY
ART ROBOT
JOSE ORTIZ
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB

COMPU-73e

AND THE ANTIGEN IS THE KEY TO OUR ATTACK! AT THIS MOMENT, SPACECREWS ARE BEING INJECTED WITH IT... ENABLING THEM TO WITHSTAND THE EFFECTS OF TRAVELLING AT WARP-SPEED...

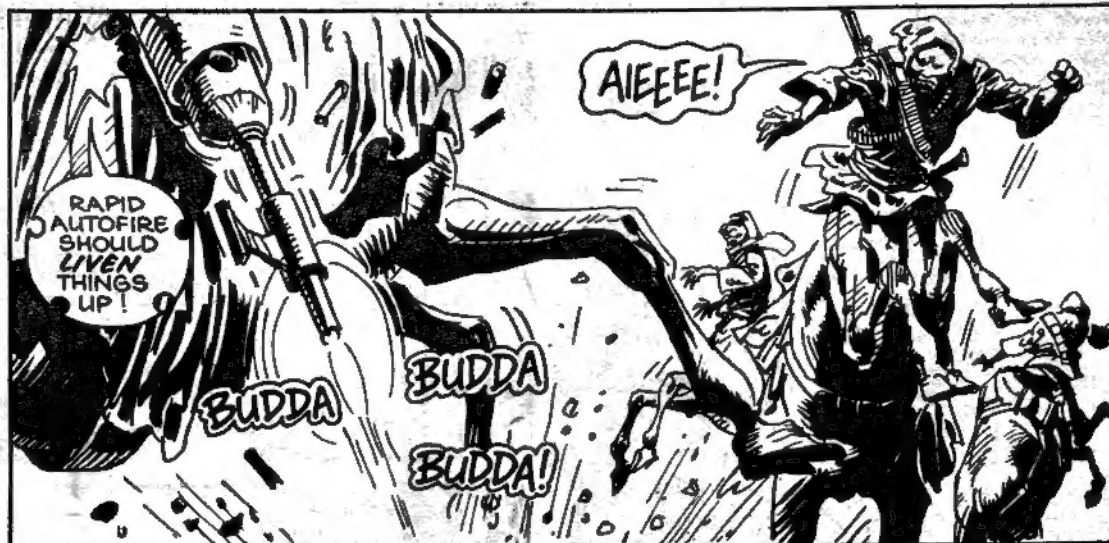
WHICH IS HOW THEY WILL REACH MILLI-COM, APPEARING AS IF BY MAGIC AT ITS SPATIAL CO-ORDINATES!

CAUGHT UNAWARES, MILLI-COM WILL BE DEFENCELESS AGAINST THE ONSLAUGHT THAT WILL FOLLOW...

EVERY DECK WILL BE ANNIHILATED, STARTING WITH THE COMMAND DECK USED BY STAR-MARSHAL LAMAL!

THEY'VE GOT IT ALL WORKED OUT - AND I'M POWERLESS TO STOP THEM!





OUTSIDE THE DOME,
HARDENED SHOCK-
TROOPS HAD BEEN
ASSEMBLED ...

STORM
THE G.I!
SHOOT TO
KILL!

ROGUE! MY
SENSORS ARE
SAYING THERE'S
SOMETHING
BURIED UNDER
THE GROUND!

WHAT
IS IT?
CAN YOU
TELL?

YEAH!
IT'S A
CHEM-
MINE,
ROGUE!

THERE'S
THOUSANDS
OF 'EM...
LOCATED ALL
OVER THE
SPACEPORT!

SOMEONE MUST
HAVE PLANTED THEM
AS A GIANT BOOBY-
TRAP. AND I CAN
GUESS WHO...

MILLI-COM!

NEXT PROG: DOUBLE-CROSS!

THE TRANSFORMERS™

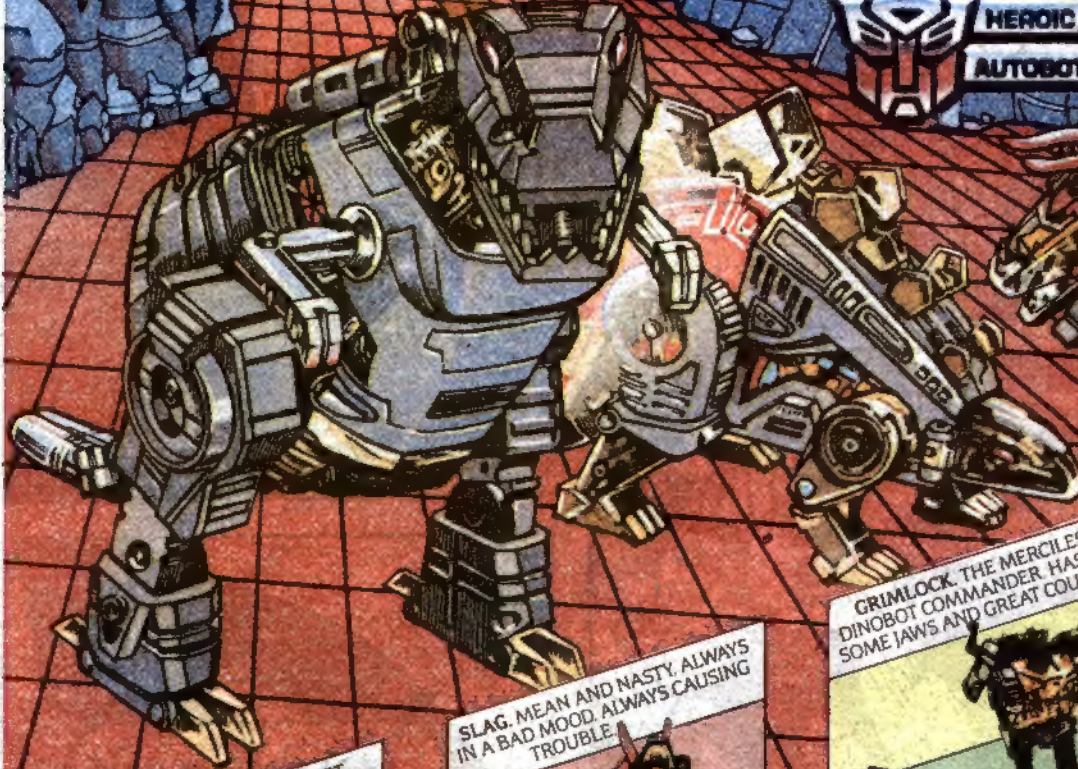
ROBOTS IN DISGUISE

**NEW
DINOBOTS**



**HEROIC
AUTOBOT**

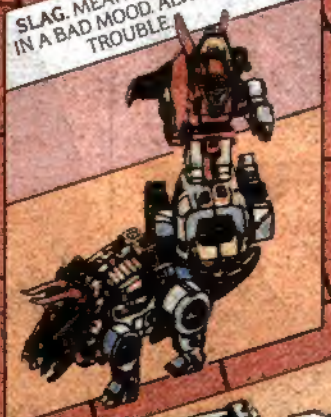
NOW, THE HEROIC AUTOBOTS HAVE CREATED THE DINOBOTS. A BRAVE, PREHISTORIC BREED. THEY MUST SAVE EARTH FROM THE EVIL DECEPTICONS!



**SNARL, THE MIGHTY DESERT
WARRIOR. HE'S ONLY HAPPY WHEN
HE'S FIGHTING.**



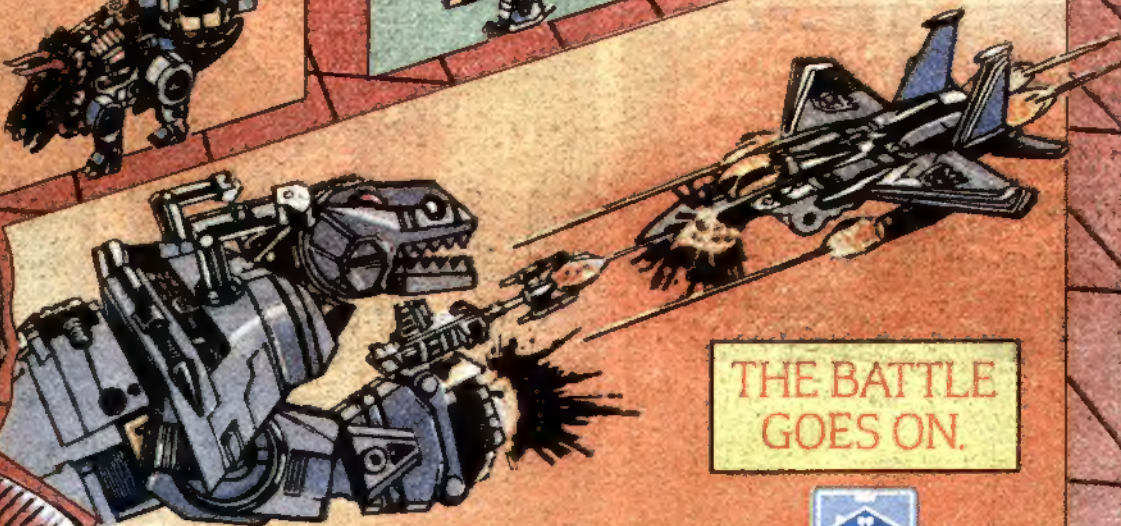
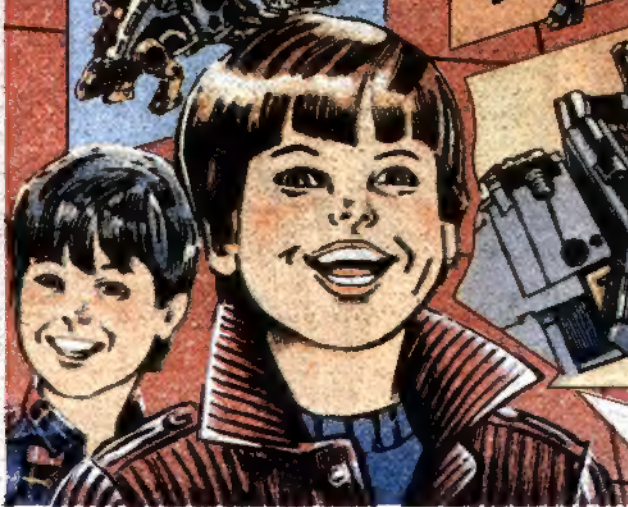
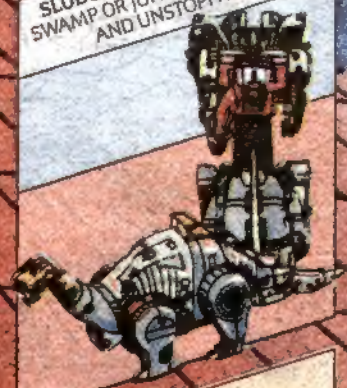
**SLAG, MEAN AND NASTY, ALWAYS
IN A BAD MOOD, ALWAYS CAUSING
TROUBLE.**



**GRIMLOCK, THE MERCILESS
DINOBOT COMMANDER HAS FEAR-
SOME JAWS AND GREAT COURAGE.**



**SLUDGE, FIGHTS IN WATER,
SWAMP OR JUNGLE. TERRIFYING
AND UNSTOPPABLE.**



**THE BATTLE
GOES ON.**

**LOOK OUT FOR THE DINOBOTS.
THEY'RE IN THE SHOPS NOW!**



WOKINGHAM
BERKSHIRE



I WARNED
YOU, CREEP!
IT'S A CRIME
TO SCAN
2000AD!

2000AD
Credit Card:
WE JOURNAL ABOUT
SCANDY
COMPU 73c